

HAND OF FATE

THE HAND OF

# FATE

JUNE  
10c

No. 25



# INTRODUCING Comfo-Gard

THE AMAZING NEW MENSTRUAL SHIELD THAT GIVES  
SURE, SAFE PROTECTION DIFFERENTLY

Yes, here it is—look at the illustration and see at once why Comfo-Gard is different. Comfo-Gard looks like and is an abbreviated pantie-cumpep. Comfo-Gard is especially cut to hug the body contours. Comfo-Gard is made of dense fabric and elastic materials and is lined with absorbent, softest rubber to make it liquid repellent.

## NO PINK—NO BODIES

Comfo-Gard eliminates pink in the body. "Bodily" keeps itself far away from us without pins or bodies. You'll enjoy this extra freedom from annoyances.

## ELIMINATES CHAFING

Comfo-Gard's wide crotch keeps the pad flat and smooth all the time. The elastic band hugs the hips, thus eliminating one of the most common causes of chafing.

## NO TELL-TALE BUMPS

Comfo-Gard's special hem-to design completely does away with tell-tale bumps.

## NO STAINS—NO OVERFLOW

The special dense soft rubber lining makes leaking or overflowing impossible. For the first time you'll really feel safe.

## LONG LIFE—WASHES IN A MINUTE

Comfo-Gard will give years of good service. Washes in a jiffy and dries almost instantly. Try Comfo-Gard today.

## TRY COMFO-GARDS

60 DAYS FREE . . .  
SEND NO MONEY

Here is our offer—fill out the coupon below and mail in the postage-free envelope. We'll rush Comfo-Gards to you in an unmarked package. Take 60 days to decide whether you wish to keep Comfo-Gards. If not a full refund of the purchase price will be made immediately.

60 DAY  
TRIAL  
COUPON

•  
SEND  
NO  
MONEY



2 FOR  
\$1.98

MALEN MFG. CO. Dept. A12  
26 Greene St.  
New York, N. Y.

Please rush me off Comfo-Gards in a plain package. I will pay postpaid only \$1.98 plus postage. If not satisfied after 60 days I may return the Comfo-Gards for a full refund of the purchase price.

My name and address \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check, but if you enclose \$1.98 and we pay postage upon receipt after 60 days.



## USE COMFO-GARDS AS PANTIES OTHER TIMES

Only Comfo-Gards can be worn as panties during the rest of the time. Just remove the pad and Comfo-Gards become comfortable, absorbent panties. They are wonderful under slacks, sport slacks and beach wear.



**O**F ALL THE PROFESSIONS IN THE WORLD, ALBERT TORRANCE... YOU'RE THE LOWEST, THE MOST DESPICABLE OF ALL! TO BE A GRAVE-ROBBER, A MAN MUST BE WITHOUT CONSCIENCE, WITHOUT MORALS, WITHOUT DECENCY! THAT DESCRIPTION FITS YOU PERFECTLY, DOESN'T IT, ALBERT? BECAUSE YOU ARE A SCAMENER OF THE DEAD... A GHOUL OF THE GRAVEYARDS! YOU ARE...

# HE WHO ROBS the DEAD

YEARS, SURE I'VE BEEN DEAD! WHY NOT? THEY AIN'T GOT NO USE FOR THE LFL THINGS I'VE TAKEN OFF 'EM! BUT I HAVE... AN' THE DEAD ARE GONNA MAKE ME RICH SOME DAY—SO RICH I WON'T EVEN LOOK AT JUNK LIKE GOLD AND DIAMONDS!



YOU HAVE NO RESPECT FOR THE DEAD, DO YOU, ALBERT? YOU THINK ONLY OF ONE THING AS YOUR CALLOUSED HANDS CLIMB AT THE LID OF THE CASKET YOU HAVE LOOTED.

MAYBE THIS IS THE BIG STRIKE! MAYBE THIS COFFIN IS LOADED WITH FAMILY JEWELS!

AT LAST IT'S OPEN! HOLLOW EYES STARE AT YOU OUT OF A BLEACHED SKULL AS IF SHOCKED AT YOUR BLASPHEMY OF THE DEAD...

BLAST THE ROTTEN LUCK! NO LOOT IN THIS BONY ROTTER! BUT THE GOLD FILLIN' IN THE SKELETON'S TEETH!



**SURE YOU TAKE THE GOLD FILLINGS OUT OF THE SKULL'S JAWS, ALBERT? AFTER ALL, YOU'VE GOT A REPUTATION TO LIVE UP TO... NO CONSCIENCE, NO MORALS, NO DECENCY, MUM, ALBERT?**

YEAH... AN' NO DOUBT I'LL NEVER MAKE MY FILE IF ALL THE STIFFS I DIG UP HAVE AS LITTLE AS THIS ONE. HAD IT DON'T EVEN PAY FOR MY DIRT AN' COVERIN' UP TIME?



**I BETTER GET BACK TO MY SHACK NOW! THE SUN'S STARTIN' TO COME UP... AN' I DON'T WANNA GET CAUGHT AROUND HERE**



**AFTER SEVERAL NIGHTS WORK YOU'LL BE TO RELAX IN YOUR SHACK, DON'T YOU, ALBERT? AND YOU'LL BE EARNING OVER FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM THE TONES...**

BRACELETS, STICKPINS, RINGS, GOLD COINS... YEAH, IT ALL MAKES A NICE FILE.



**BUT IT AIN'T ENOUGH... NOT FOR TEN YEARS OF DIRTIN' IT AIN'T? I WANNA STRIKE IT RICH BEFORE I RETIRE... A CASKET LOADED WITH FAMILY JEWELS! AND I WILL, ONE OF THESE NIGHTS... I WILL!**



**ANOTHER NIGHT... ANOTHER GRAVE, MUM, ALBERT? YOUR SHOVEL STARS INTO THE SOFT GROUND, AND WITH EVERY SHOVELFUL, YOU TRY TO IMAGINE WHAT TREASURE LIES BURIED IN THE CASKET BELOW...**

COULD BE ONE OF THOSE CRAZY OL' GAMES WHO WANTED TO BE BURIED WITH ALL HER JEWELRY



**YOUR THOUGHTS ARE MENTAL SHOTS OF MOPHINE AND THEY FORCE YOU TO DIG WITH A FRENZIED DREAM OF GREED...**

AN-H! I'VE HIT THE CASKET! THIS MUST'A BEEN A FRESH GAME AN' THE DIRTIN' WAS EASY!



**BUT SUDDENLY SOMETHING UNUSUAL HAPPENS, DON'T IT, ALBERT? VERY UNUSUAL...**

HELLO! THE CASKET AN' THE GRAVE GAVES IN! I—I'M FALLING... M—



YEP, ALBERT... YOU'RE FALLING, TWISTING, SPINNING... DOWN... DOWN... DOWN! BUT ALL YOUR TELLING AND PLEADING WON'T HELP YOU! DOWN... DOWN... YOU SO, ALBERT...

OHAY, YOU CAN OPEN YOUR EYES NOW, ALBERT... AND CUT OUT THAT SCREAMING! YOU'VE STOPPED FALLING...

YEAH? I-I HAVE! BUT WHERE AM I? AND WHO ARE THESE CHARACTERS WALKING AROUND HERE?



YOU'RE PUZZLED AND FRIGHTENED, AREN'T YOU, ALBERT? BUT WHY? THEY AREN'T BOOTHERING YOU... THEY'RE NOT EVEN LOOKING AT YOU... SO WHY'RE SCARED?

I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS SLIMY PLACE IS... BUT I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE... THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT!



I HAVE DOWN THIS WAY...



HOLY BISHOPS! NO... NO! THEY CAN'T BE REAL... THEY CAN'T!



YOUR EYES BULGE... YOUR TEMPLES TWING AT THE SHOT PUNDS AND DEAFEN RE-PLACE YOUR HEAR! THIS IS IS NOB, ALBERT! THIS IS THE PAIN STRIKE YOU'VE ALMOSE DREAMED OF...

ICE-RIPES! JEWELS! OF ALL KINDS...! RINGS, SPARKLETS, NECKLACES! YEAH! THIS IS IT ALL RIGHT! MY PAIN STRIKE AT LAST!



**GRIED DROPS YOU TO YOUR KNEES!  
YOU GRAB AND CLIMB AT THE GEMS...  
YOU LET THE COOL GOLD METAL AND  
SPARKLING STONES RUN THRU YOUR  
FINGERS...**

**HEY, YOU!  
CAN I HAVE  
A FEW OF  
THESE?**

**TAKE ALL YOU  
DESIRE! WE  
HAVE NO USE  
FOR THEM**

**HE DOESN'T HAVE TO TELL YOU TWICE,  
HIM, ALBERT? YOU STUFF YOUR  
POCKETS WITH SO MUCH OF THAT LOT!  
YOU CAN HARDLY MOVE...**

**IT'S REAL! REAL GOLD, DIAMONDS AND  
EMERALDS! AN' IT'S ALL LYIN' AROUND  
HERE LIKE TRASH! THEM CREEPS MUST  
BE CRAZY!...THEY DON'T SEEM TO CARE  
ABOUT THE STUFF AT ALL.**



**HOW I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE, AN'  
THEM CHARACTERS SUGGESTTA KNOW  
HOW TO BLOW THIS JOINT. I'LL ASK  
ONE OF 'EM!**



**YES, THERE IS A WAY  
OUT...THE SAME WAY  
YOU CAME IN!**

**YOU MEAN I GOT TO CLIMB  
UP THAT SLIMY HOLE I  
FELL THRU?**

**GRAVES ARE THE ONLY  
ENTRANCES...AND THE ONLY  
EXITS! BUT WHY LEAVE?  
YOU'LL BE BACK...EVERY-  
ONE COMES HERE...  
SOONER OR LATER!**

**HOT THIS BABY! ONCE  
I SCRAM OUTTA HERE  
I'M STATIN' OUT. AN'  
NOTHIN' CAN MAKE ME  
COME BACK!**



**IT'S A LONG WAY UP FROM  
THE BOTTOM, ISN'T IT,  
ALBERT? BUT YOU'VE GOT  
FINGERS INTO THE SLIMY  
MASS AND START...**

**YOU SLIP AND SLIDE...  
BUT YOU CLIMB TO THE  
HUGGY DOES LIKE A  
LIZARD**

**EVERY PORE BLENDS  
WITH SURFAT...EVERY HORN  
OF PROGRESS IS TORTURE...  
BUT YOU WON'T GIVE UP.**

**AND A THOUSAND  
AROUND'S LATER, YOU SEE  
THE HINT...THE STARS...**



**I MADE IT!  
I'M OUT OF  
THE CRANK!**

When you get back to your shack you're so excited you can't sleep, can you, Albert? So you spend the night counting, sorting, re-counting...

Yeah. As soon as it gets light out an' the stores open... I'm gonna sell this stuff.



You're the first customer at the jewel broker - and as he sticks the loupe into his eye and examines your jewel, by you see a look of amazement and shock on his pale face.

Amazingly fine pieces - all of these bracelets, rings and necklaces. Where'd you acquire them?

None of your blasted business! So you wanna buy them or don't you? There are other brokers in this town, ya know.



That last crack of mine made him quit stallin'... an' he gave me a good price for 'em! Ha! Look at the green stuff! I'm rich... rich!

Yes, you're all set now, aren't you, Albert? You're rolling in dough! He's in clothes, good food, girls, even better than you never had! You're really living now.



But your new life is only a week old when there is a knock on the door of your apartment... a knock that explodes your little bubble...

The police!

That's him, Lieutenant... that's the man who sold me the jewelry.

Okay, Albert Torrance... you're under arrest!



For what? It ain't no crime to sell jewelry!

It is when it's stolen jewelry that stuff you sold was taken from the home of Mrs. Florence Van Olive in a robbery a year ago!



THAT'S A LIE!  
THIS IS A FRAME-  
UP! I DON'T  
STEAL THAT  
JEWELRY!

THEN WHERE'D  
YOU GET IT...  
WIN IT ON A  
PINBALL  
MACHINE?



GO AHEAD, ALBERT... TELL THEM  
FELL THEM THE TRUTH! THEY'LL  
THINK YOU'RE CRAZY... BUT THAT'S  
BETTER THAN GOING TO JAIL FOR  
ROBBERY.

I... I GOT IT FROM  
A BUNCH OF  
DREPPY CHARAC-  
TERS WHO LIVE  
AT THE BOTTOM  
OF A GRAVE!

HUH? HE, YOU  
MUST BE MUTE  
EXPECTIN' US  
TO BELIEVE A  
NIDNE LIKE  
THAT?



IT'S THE TRUTH, I TELL  
Y'FAN! I CAN PROVE IT!  
I'LL TAKE YOU RIGHT TO  
THE SPOT WHERE I GOT  
THE STUFF!

OKAY, LET'S  
GO... THIS  
I'VE GOT TO  
SEE!



THE POLICE STREWS SCREAM LIKE BANNERS!  
AS THEY SPEED YOU TO THE COURT! AND  
WHEN YOU GET THERE, YOU RUN FORWARD THE  
PLACE WHERE YOU DID THAT NIGHT...

THAT'S IT... RIGHT THERE! THAT'S  
WHERE I GOT THE JEWELRY FROM AND  
HOLY SMOKES! NO... NO!



YES, ALBERT... MRS. VAN  
CLIVE'S GRAVE! (THE WOMAN  
YOU KILLED WHEN YOU PULLED  
THE ROBBERY) AND THIS  
JEWELRY IS PROOF  
POSITIVE!

YOU SWEAR AND YOU PLEAD... BUT IT'S A WASTE OF  
BREATH, ALBERT! THE TOMBSTONES ARE STUCK  
AGAINST YOU, BUT THERE'S STILL A CHANCE... A  
LAST CHANCE! MAYBE THE JURY AT YOUR TRIAL WILL  
BELIEVE YOUR KANTASTIC STORY.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY...  
HAVE YOU REACHED A VERDICT?

MR. HAYE,  
YOUR HONOR



WE, THE JURY, FIND  
ALBERT TORRANCE,  
GUILTY OF MURDER  
AS CHARGED!

NO, NO! I DIDN'T  
KILL HER! I DIDN'T!  
I GOT THE JEWELRY  
FROM THE GRAVE. I  
TELL YA... FROM  
THE GRAVE!





THAT MOUTH IN THE DEATH  
HOOD WAS MURDER,  
WASN'T IT, ALBERT? YOU'VE  
ALMOST GLAD TO BE WALK-  
ING THE LAST MILE!

YOU KEEP SAYING THAT  
ALL THE WAY TO THE  
CHAIR... AND EVEN AS  
THEY STRAP AND CAP YOU...

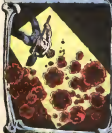
YOU SAY IT FOR THE LAST  
TIME AS A SWITCH IS  
PULLED AND 4,000 VOLTS  
OF HATES BURN YOUR  
INSIDES...

THEN TWO MORE JOLTS,  
ALBERT... AND YOU'LL  
NEVER ROB THE DEAD  
AGAIN!



THIS IS ONE TIME, ALBERT, THAT SOME-  
BODY ELSE DUG A GRAVE FOR YOU...

BUT SUDDENLY, YOU'RE NOT IN THE CASNET ANYMORE, ARE YOU  
ALBERT?



SURE YOU HAVE, ALBERT! LOOK OVER THERE.  
REMEMBER THAT PILE OF JEWELRY? REMEMBER HOW  
YOU HELPED YOURSELF TO ALL YOU COULD CARRY?

AND NOW YOU KNOW WHY YOU AREN'T INTERESTED  
IN THE GOLD AND DIAMONDS ANYMORE, DON'T YOU,  
ALBERT?



# A Hand of FATE Mystery

#31

THE "AFFAIR OF THE BLACK ROSE" WAS A TRUE CASE OF THE SUPERNATURAL THAT TOOK PLACE IN ENGLAND WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD AND FEYDS COMMON AMONG NOBLE FAMILIES. A LONG-STANDING FEUD HAD JUST COME TO AN END WHEN A CLAY CAPITULATED TO A POWERFUL BLOOD ENEMY. THE DEFEAT ENDED THE REIGN OF THE FAMILY OF THE "BLACK ROSE"

MY TERMS ARE THESE: YOU MUST VACATE THIS CASTLE AND LEAVE ENGLAND. IF NOT, YOU DIE!

I HAVE NO CHOICE, BUT, SIR WILLIAM, THE "BLACK ROSE" WILL AVENGE ME! A REVENGE OF DEATH ON YOUR FAMILY!



SIR WILLIAM BECAME MASTER OF THE "BLACK ROSE" CASTLE, SO NAMED FOR THE PHENOMENAL ROSE THAT GREW ALONG SIDE THE CASTLE WALL.

AA!! THIS DEVILISH PLANT TEARS AT MY CLOTHES! PERHAPS THE CURSE OF THE BLACK ROSE HAS MEANING...



SIR WILLIAM HAD THE GROUND COVERED WITH GRAVEL AND THE BLACK ROSE DESTROYED TO PREVENT THE CURSE FROM COMING TRUE. IN TIME THE CURSE WAS FORGOTTEN BUT CENTURIES LATER, AN ANCESTOR OF SIR WILLIAM BECAME HEIR TO THE CASTLE...

CLEAR THIS GRAVEL AND SEED THE GROUND! I WANT GRASS AND FLOWERS TO GROW HERE AGAIN!



SOON THE AREA WAS GREEN EXCEPT FOR A HUGE BLACK ROSE THAT HAD MYSTERIOUSLY BLOOMED...

STRANGE! THIS BLACK ROSE... I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT! ITS THORNS ARE AS SHARP AS BLADES!



THAT NIGHT, SIR WILLIAM'S DESCENDANT WAS AWAKENED BY A HORRIBLE SIGHT COMING THROUGH HIS BEDROOM WINDOW.

WHA...? THE BLACK ROSE! IT'S ALIVE! CREEPING TOWARDS ME! AAAAIIII!



THE SCREAMS BROUGHT SERVANTS TO THE BEDROOM WHERE THEY FOUND THEIR MASTER WITH THE SWEETLY ENTANGLED OF THE BLACK ROSE WRAPPED AROUND HIM. THE SHARP THORNS HAD PIERCED HIS BODY LIKE A THOUSAND KNIVES! THE ROSE ITSELF HAD BECOME A MASS OF WITHERED PETALS, ITS TASK OF CENTURIES-OLD CURSE COMPLETED.

THE END

# SHATTERING THE TIME BARRIER

"AND THEY'RE THE  
GHOSTS OF THE CRIMINALS  
I'VE EXECUTED...? THEY'VE  
COME BACK FOR REVENGE!"



TIME AND AGAIN YOU HAVE  
SEEN IN THESE PAGES HOW THE  
HAND OF FATE GUIDES EVIL MEN TO  
THEIR INEVITABLE DOOM. BUT  
SOMETIMES RIGHTeous MEN LET THEIR  
HATRED OF EVIL BLIND THEM TO THEIR  
OWN DIABOLICAL DEEDS, WHICH THEY  
COMMIT IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY.  
SUCH MEN CAN BECOME AN EVEN  
GREATER MENACE THAN THE WORST  
CRIMINAL... AND THEREFORE REQUIRE  
THE SPECIAL ATTENTION  
OF FATE...

THE CASE OF PHILIP SPYNE, EXECUTIONER AT THE  
STATE PRISON DEATH HOUSE...

DIE, YOU MOTTEN MURDERER...  
ME? I'M GLAD I'M THE ONE WHO'S  
SEVERING THE JAR OF YOURS!

YAAAGHH!



AFTER THE ELECTRICITY HAD TAKEN ITS TOLL...

IT TOOK THREE SHOTS TO KILL  
THAT MAN! HE MUST HAVE  
SUFFERED AGONY! CAN'T  
YOU RAISE THE VOLTAGE,  
SPYNE, SO CONDEMNED MEN  
WILL DIE AT THE FIRST SHOCK?

ALL RIGHT, WARDEN!  
I'LL WORK ON  
THE GENERATOR!

BUT IF I HAD MY WAY,  
I'D MAKE 'EM SUFFER  
EVEN MORE!



A LOT OF CRIMINALS ARE TOO  
CUNNING TO BE CAUGHT? THEN  
WE CATCH BAD ONES, THEY  
SHOULD BE TORTURED TO DEATH  
AS AN EXAMPLE TO OTHERS!

BEHOLD, HOW  
LITTLE THINGS  
AFFECT THE DES-  
TINIES OF MEN!



IF PHILIP SPYTHE HAD NOT BEEN SO ABSORBED IN HIS  
THOUGHTS, HE WOULD NOT HAVE ACCIDENTALLY  
CONNECTED SOME WIRES IN AN UNUSUAL WAY...

BUT I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THE  
WARDEN'S ORDERS! WELL, LET'S  
SEE HOW MUCH I'VE STEPPED  
UP THE VOLTAGE...



WHA--- I! MUST'VE DONE SOMETHING WRONG!  
THE CURRENT SHOULDN'T HAVE JUMPED AN ARC  
LIKE THAT!



I-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THERE SEEMS TO BE A STRANGE NEW  
WORLD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THOSE ARCHES! AND GREAT  
SCOTS... I THERE'S THAT CRIMINAL, I ELECTROCUTED AN HOUR  
AGO--- FOLLOWED BY A GANG OF OTHER EXECUTED KILLERS!



HE--- HE'S BECOMING  
TRANSPARENT...  
TURNING INTO  
A GHOST!

YOU ELECTROCUTED ME!  
NOW I GET MY REVENGE...  
BY EXECUTING YOU!



YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, YOU PENETRATING THAT WRENCH  
WENT RIGHT THROUGH  
HIS BOOT!

NOTHING YOU CAN DO WILL  
STOP ME! BUT THIS LENGTH  
OF WIRE WILL FINISH YOU...  
WHEN I WRAP IT AROUND  
YOUR NECK!





I'VE GOT TO FIGHT EVIL, NO MATTER WHERE IT TAKES PLACE! BUT THOSE HIGH-VOLTAGE ARCS MUSTN'T TOUCH MY BODY, OR I'LL BE ELECTROCUTED INSTANTLY!



AH! THE EVILONES HAVE BROKEN THROUGH OUR LINES!



PHILIP GARRE DO NOT STOP TO EXPLORE THE STRANGE WORLD HE FOUND HIMSELF IN. IN VIEW OF HISTORY OF ALL THINGS FIVE, HE PICKED UP A COIN AND BOINED INTO THE FRAY...

WHAT'S HOLDING YOU GUYS UP? LET'S GET TO THE WORLD OF THE LIVING AND GO ON A RAMPAGE OF MURDER!

THIS GHOST'S STOPPING US... AAAAA!



A GHOSTLY PLAN FOR LIVES!

HUH? WE—A GHOST?



HOLT JUMP—I-I'M TRANSPARENT... I AM GHOSTLIKE!

I CAN EXPLAIN THAT, MY FRIEND.

THIS IS THE WORLD OF THE DEAD! THE LIVING APPEAR AS GHOSTS HERE...JUST AS WE DEAD APPEAR AS APPRITS IN YOUR WORLD! FORTUNARILY, THE TWO WORLDS ARE ON DIFFERENT LEVELS, BUT SOMETHING APPARENTLY HAPPENED TO BRING THE TWO LEVELS INTO ALIGNMENT...



...DO NOW THE LIVING AND THE DEAD CAN ENTER EACH OTHER'S WORLD BY STEPPING BETWEEN THOSE FLAMING ARCS!

I GET IT! IT'S MUST'VE ACCIDENTALLY HOOKED UP MY WIRES IN A NEW WAY, AND THE NEW FORCE FIELD MADE THE TWO WORLDS INTER-SECT AT THE ARCS!





BUT TELL ME—  
WHAT WAS THAT  
BATTLE ABOUT?

WE'RE THE  
SPIRITS OF  
SETTLERS WHO  
DIED HERE BEFORE  
THE PRISON WAS  
BUILT . . . AND EVER  
SINCE THE EXECUTION  
OF CRIMINALS BEGAN  
IN THE PRISON, THOSE  
SPIRITS HAVE BEEN  
ATTACKING US, TRYING  
TO Wipe Us Out!



BUT WE'VE KEPT TRYING TO KEEP  
THE EVIL ONES OUT OF THE WORLD  
OF THE LIVING, BECAUSE THEY'  
BE INVULNERABLE  
THERE—JUST AS YOU  
ARE EGGLESS AND  
INVULNERABLE  
HERE! NOW YOU  
CAN HELP US—

NO, I'VE GOT  
A BETTER  
IDEA! I'M  
GOING BACK TO  
MY WORLD . . .  
WITH THOSE  
GHOSTLY  
CRIMINALS!



NO—STAY  
HERE AND  
HELP US  
DESTROY  
THE  
CRIMINALS!

DO NOT EMBARRASS  
YOUR BAD PLAN,  
PULP! SAYING "OR  
YOU ARE DOOMED!"  
OUT OF MY MOUTH  
NOBODY'S  
STOPPING ME!



*PULP* *THINKS*  
COULD NOT BE  
RESCUED BOTH! HE  
SEARCHED UNTIL HE  
FOUND THE HEAD-  
QUARTERS OF THE  
CRIMINALS IN THE  
WORLD OF THE DEAD . . .

DON'T BE AFRAID! I WON'T HARM  
YOU—IF YOU DO AS I SAY! COME  
BACK TO THE WORLD OF THE  
LIVING WITH ME . . . AND KILL ALL  
THOSE THAT SHOULD DIE!

SURE—SURE WE'LL  
DO ANYTHING  
YOU SAY . . . NO???



IF YOU DON'T OBEY ME, I'LL TURN  
OFF THE CURRENT WHILE YOU'RE IN  
THE WORLD OF THE LIVING . . .  
AND YOU'LL DISINTEGRATE LIKE  
THE GHOSTS WHO TRIED TO KILL  
ME BEFORE!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS!  
YOU NAME WHO YOU  
WANT KILLED! THAT'S  
THE KIND OF WORK  
WE ENJOY!



*SOON AFTERWARD*

THERE, THERE'S THE NAME  
OF THE WORST RACKETEERS,  
CRIMINALS AND DICTATORS IN THE  
WORLD . . . ALL WHO'VE ESCAPED  
JUSTICE UNTIL NOW!

OKAY, BOSS, HERE'S A  
LIST OF ALL THOSE I  
WANT MURDERED!

AND SO THE MOSTLY HORSE SPREAD THROUGH THE WORLD ON ITS MISSION OF MURDER, OBTAINING THE ORDERS OF A FANATIC WHOSE METHODS WERE THOSE OF THE VERY CRIMINALS AND OUTCASTS HE WANTED TO DESTROY!



WHY...  
YOU  
AGAIN?

BEWARE, PHILIP  
SPAYNE! YOUR  
METHODS ARE  
GOOD, BUT YOUR  
METHODS ARE EVIL!  
YOU ARE TAKING HUMAN  
LIVES INTO YOUR OWN  
HANDS, CONDEMNING  
PEOPLE TO DEATH  
WITHOUT TRIAL...



... BEWARE  
LEST YOU PERISH  
THROUGH  
YOUR OWN  
POWER—AND  
APOSSANCE!

NO THREATS CAN  
SCARE ME! I'M  
GOING TO RIDE THE  
WORLD OF EVIL! I'M  
GOING BACK NOW  
TO THE DEAD FOR  
MORE CRIMINALS  
TO CARRY OUT  
MY ORDERS!



IN THE  
WORLD OF  
THE DEAD  
SPAYNE WAS  
TO HAVE  
ANOTHER  
CHANCE TO  
SAVE HIMSELF  
BY HEEDING  
THE CALL OF  
HIS HEART...

OH, NOW I'VE BEEN WAITING  
FOR YOU TO COME BACK! STAY  
HERE AND HELP US FIGHT THE  
EVIL DEAD! I'VE FALLEN IN  
LOVE WITH YOU... I PROMISE  
TO MAKE YOU HAPPY!

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL...  
BUT I CAN'T LET  
LOVE INTERFERE  
WITH MY MISSION!



SOMEONE  
HAD  
TOLD  
THE  
GIRL  
HOW HE  
WAS  
FIGHTING  
EVIL  
IN THE  
WORLD OF  
THE  
LIVING...  
AND SHE  
SAW  
AND  
WAS  
HORROR

BUT YOU—YOU'RE SETTING YOURSELF UP AS  
PROSECUTOR, JUDGE AND EXECUTIONER OF THE  
WHOLE HUMAN RACE! AND THAT'S EVIL! AT  
LEAST HERE WE'RE FIGHTING MEN WHO'VE  
BEEN LEGALLY CONVICTED AND  
EXECUTED FOR THEIR  
CRIMES!

YOU'RE  
AGAINST ME  
TOD? BUT EVEN  
THAT WON'T STOP ME!



I MUST  
STOP HIM  
AT ANY  
COST!



WHEN PHILIP SPAYNE RETURNED  
WITH A NEW BAND OF DODGILY  
RECRUITS...

HERE'S A LIST OF MORE PEOPLE  
I WANT KILLED! I'VE RUN OUT OF  
ENEMY CRIMINALS AND DICTATORS,  
SO HERE'S A LIST OF PEOPLE WHO  
WISHT SO BAD! THE WORLD WILL  
BE BETTER OFF WITHOUT THEM!

POWER HAS MADE A  
TYRANT OF HIM!

AFTER THE SHOTS LEFT ON THEIR  
MURDEROUS ASSIGNMENTS...

ILL Wipe OUT  
ALL THOSE WHO  
OPPOSE MY  
PLANS TO  
IMPROVE THE  
WORLD!

HOW CAN I STOP HIM?  
Nah... I HAVE BEEN  
HIM STEP CAREFULLY  
OVER THAT LOWER  
END OF FIRE, WILL IT  
STOP HIM AND  
RESTORE HIM TO HIS  
SENSES IF I PUSH  
HIM INTO IT?

WHA—  
HELP!



In DEATH AS IN  
LIFE, PHILIP  
SPAYNE DESTROYED  
WHATEVER HE  
TOUCHED... FOR  
HIS FALL DEMOL-  
ISHED THE WHOLE  
MOODUP THAT HAD  
LED HIM TO HIS  
FATE! AND AS THE  
DOORWAY TO THE  
WORLD OF THE DEAD  
OPENED...



FORGIVE ME,  
MY LOVE... WHAT-  
EVER I DID WAS  
FOR YOUR OWN GOOD  
...AND THE WORLD'S  
AND NOW I-I  
PERISH WITH  
YOU...

...SO, TOO,  
FURNISHED  
THE HORRORS  
OF SHORTLY  
CRIMINAL  
IN THE  
MIDST OF  
THEIR DEADLY  
TACLES!



WE'LL NEVER KNOW HOW  
THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED...  
WE COULDN'T POSSIBLY  
RECONSTRUCT IT FROM  
THAT MASS OF BURNED  
TWISTED WIRING!

PHILIP SPAYNE,  
EXECUTIONER...  
ELECTROCUTED  
BY HIS OWN HAND!  
WHAT AN IRONIC FATE!



# A Hand of FATE Mystery

# 32

IN THE FILES OF THE PARIS POLICE THERE CAN BE FOUND A CASE HISTORY OF A CRIME THAT OCCURRED OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO TO THIS DAY AN ALMA OF THE SUPERNATURAL STILL HAUNTS OVER IT IN THE HOME OF A WEALTHY FAMILY, A MURDEROUS BALL WAS IN PROGRESS AS A DUBIOUS BUTLER OF THE HOSTESS PLOTTED MANICALLY IN A DARK CORNER, JEAN PILOTT WAS PLANNING MURDER!

JULIA HAS GIVEN ME UP FOR ANOTHER MAN SHE MUST DIE! MY PLAN IS PERFECT NO ONE RECOGNIZES ME IN THIS COSTUME AND I AM SUPPOSED TO BE IN ROULETTE TONIGHT! FITTING DISGUISE FOR A PERFECT CRIME!



SUDDENLY THE HALL WAS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS ABOVE THE STARTLED SHOUTS OF THE GUESTS CAME JULIA'S ANGUISHED SHRIEK! WHEN THE LIGHTS CAME ON AGAIN



JULIA! SHE'S BEEN STABBED!

SHE'S DEAD!

STOP THAT MAN! HE IS THE KILLER!

PILOTT WAS CAPTURED, BUT WHEN THEY TRIED REMOVE HIS SATANIC MARKING...

THE HORNS! THEY WILL NOT COME OFF! THEY'RE REAL!

THESE FEATURES—ARE HIS! HE IS REALLY SATAN!

WHA! IS THIS ISN'T A DISGUISE? I AM JEAN PILOTT!



UNABLE TO REMOVE THE HEINOUS FEATURES FROM HIS FACE, PILOTT BECAME TERROR-STROCKEN HE RAN HEADLY FROM THE HALL AND PLUNGED OFF OF A WINDOW FOUR STORIES OFF THE GROUND



PILOTT'S BODY LANGED ON A SPIKY FENCE AND HE WAS HORRIBLY IMPAIRED

THE POLICE—CALL THE POLICE!



WITH THE AUTHORITIES ARRIVED THEY WERE ASTONISHED TO FIND THE FIGURE OF THE DEVIL HANGING ON A SPIKE MEDICAL SCIENCE COULD NOT EXPLAIN THE MACABRE TRANSFORMATION THAT OVERCAME JEAN PILOTT! THE BODY WAS CREMATED AND THE CASE FILED IN THE ANNALS OF THE UNEXPLAINABLE.

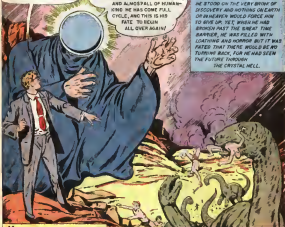
THE END

# HELL beyond the Crystal ball

YOU LIED TO ME! THIS ISN'T THE FUTURE! THESE ARE PRIMITIVE THINGS! THOSE ANIMALS, THOSE MEN—THEY BELONG TO THE STONE AGE!

THIS IS THE FUTURE, MAX BROWNLAW! THE FUTURE FIFTY THOUSAND YEARS HENCE! THROUGH HIS OWN STUPIDITY, MAN DESTROYED THE GREAT WORKS HE HAD CREATED, AND ALMOST ALL OF HUMANITY HE HAS COME FULL CYCLE, AND THIS IS HIS FATE TO BEGIN ALL OVER AGAIN!

FROM THE IMMORTAL MAN WAS TAKEN IN VAIN TO PIERCE THE FUTURE. BUT MAX BROWNLAW, WHO'D REVERENDLY STARED THE SCIENTIST, WOULD NOT ACCEPT DEFEAT. HE STOOD ON THE VERGE OF DISCOVERY AND NOTHING ON EARTH OR IN HEAVEN WOULD FORCE HIM TO GIVE UP. YET, KNOWING HE HAD BROKEN PAST THE GREAT TIME BARRIER, HE WAS FILLED WITH DOUBTS AND HORROR. BUT IT WAS FATED THAT THERE WOULD BE NO TURNING BACK, FOR HE HAD SEEN THE FUTURE THROUGH THE CRYSTAL BALL.



MAX BROWNLAW HAD LONG WRESTLED IN VAIN WITH THE PROBLEM OF PENETRATING THE FUTURE. ONE DAY WHEN HE THOUGHT HE HAD THE PROBLEM OF THE TIME BARRIER SOLVED...

THIS IS CERTAINLY THE GREATEST MECHANICAL BRAIN EVER MADE. HOW DO YOU INTEND TO TEST IT?

WITH THIS FORMULA, DR. SIMMONS! WHEN FED INTO THE MACHINE, IT SHOULD GIVE US A PICTURE OF THE WORLD TWO THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW!

DOUBLE WERE TURNED, SWITCHES THROWN AS THE FORMULA WAS FED INTO THE MACHINE.

MAX, LOOK! THE MACHINE REJECTS YOUR FORMULA! IT CAN'T BE DONE!

NO, GIVE IT A CHANCE! IT NEEDS MORE TIME FOR CALCULATIONS!



BUT THE MECHANICAL BRAIN WAS  
TREMBLING UNBOSOMED, AND WHEN  
PUSHED TO ITS LIMIT...

YOU'VE OVERTAKEN IT,  
WAS, LOOK OUT!



AAARRH,  
I'VE FAILED,  
FAILED FIVE  
YEARS OF WORK  
WASTED ON THIS  
STUPID MACHINE

MAX, WHAT ARE YOU  
GOING TO DO WITH  
THAT HAMMER?

I'VE WASTED A WHOLE LIFE-  
TIME PLAYING WITH TOYS,  
AND HERE I'VE ACHIEVED MY  
DREAM! I HATE EVERY ONE I  
EVER INVENTED. BEFORE I  
LEAVE HERE I'LL MAKE JUMP  
OUT OF THEM!



MATA'S RAGE WAS TOO GREAT TO  
STOP...

NO, YOU MUSTN'T!  
NOBODY CAN REBUILD  
THEM! YOU'RE PUTTING  
SCIENCE BACK  
TWENTY YEARS!

THAT'S NOT  
MY CON-  
CERN! BO-  
DY'S WILL  
SET ALONG  
WITHOUT  
THEM! DON'T  
TRY TO STOP  
ME!



NOT UNTIL EVERY MACHINE  
HAD BEEN DESTROYED AND MAX  
LEAVE THE LABORATORY FOR  
HIS HOME...

HOW STUPID I WAS TO ATTEMPT  
THE IMPOSSIBLE! TO CLIMB  
THE FUTURE THROUGH A FORMULA.  
YET THERE MUST BE AN-  
OTHER WAY—NOT THROUGH AN  
EQUATION FIT ONLY FOR THE  
PAST!



SOON ONLY AS FLAMES COULDN'T THE  
PAPER...

WHY? THE FLAMES ARE SHOOTING RIGHT  
OUT OF THE FIREPLACE! THE WHOLE  
ROOM WILL CATCH FIRE!



BUT MAX WAS EVERYWHERE STARTLED BY THE FLAMES  
TRANSFORMATION...

WHO—WHAT  
ARE YOU?

HAVE NO FEAR, MAX BROWNLAW! YES, YOU  
ARE WELL KNOWN TO ME! IT WAS YOUR FORMULA  
WHICH SUMMONED MATA FROM THE  
WORLD OF THE FLAMES! TO PUT HIM COM-  
PLETELY IN YOUR POWER! YOU MAY HAVE  
ANY WISH YOU WANT.



YOU CERTAINLY LOOK  
LIKE AN UNGRAPEFUL  
CREATURE! TELL ME,  
ARE THERE NO RE-  
STRICTIONS? CAN I  
HAVE ANY WISH I  
WANT? IS THERE  
ANYTHING I MUST  
DO FOR YOU?

NOTHING! I AM HERE TO  
SERVE YOU, PROVIDED WHAT  
YOU CHOSE WOULD FIL-  
LAMENT. IF YOU DON'T  
ACHIEVE HAPPINESS, WELL,  
THEN I'M RELEASED AND  
YOU MUST DO AS I WANT!  
DON'T ASK! THINK IT  
OVER!



**A SILENT WITNESS ASSESSED THE MORTAL DANGER BUT COULD NEITHER WARN NOR COUNSEL . . .**

I CAN'T LOSE MY BRIGHTEST HAPPINESS LIES IN THE FUTURE! IF NATAN GRANTS MY WISH, I'LL NEVER REGRET IT! YES, YES, I'LL DO IT!

THINK, MAX BROUHLAM! NO MAN HAS BEEN AFFORDED SIGHT OF THE FUTURE! THERE ARE GOOD REASONS FOR THIS!



I HAVE DECIDED, NATAN, AND ACCEPT THE TERMS OF YOUR BARGAIN. I WANT TO SEE THE FUTURE . . . YES, THE PERFECT BEAUTY OF THE FUTURE!

VERY WELL . . . THEN THE BARGAIN MUST BE SEALED IN BLOOD. HOLD UP YOUR ARM! COME CLOSER! THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE AWAITS YOU!



**NOW THERE IS NO TURNING BACK! TO PEER INTO WHAT IS NOT PERMITTED ANY MORTAL IS TO INKITE DISASTER!**

NOW STARE INTO THE CRYSTAL! CONCENTRATE . . . AND SOON THE FUTURE YOU HAVE CHOSEN WILL MATERIALIZE!

MY HEAD! I'M BEGINNING TO GET DIZZY! THE CRYSTAL IS SETTLING LARGER AND LARGER!



**THROUGH THE ENVELOPING MIST MAY SAW THE BRIGHT OUTLINE OF A NEW WORLD . . .**

WHERE AM I? IF ONLY THIS HAZE WOULD CLEAR! AAAH . . . NOW I CAN SEE! JUST AHEAD! IT IS A FUTURE WORLD!



**HE CAME TO FULL CONSCIOUSNESS AND CHEERS AND DAZZLING BEAUTY . . .**

MAX BROUHLAM, AS MATHEMATICAL GENIUS OF THE FIRST ORDER, YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO JUDGE THIS CONTEST OF THE BEAUTIES OF THE UNIVERSE. AS REWARD FOR YOUR GREAT WORK, THE ONE YOU CHOOSE SHALL BECOME YOUR WIFE.

I CAN SEE THAT A DECISION WILL BE DIFFICULT!



**AFTER LONG STUDY, MEASUREMENT AND CONTEMPLATION . . .**

THIS ONE STANDS OUT IN ALL RESPECTS! I CHOOSE HER, FOR SHE EXEMPLIFIES PERFECT BEAUTY!

YOU HAVE MADE AN EXCELLENT CHOICE! AND IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR CUSTOM WE SHALL HOLD A PUBLIC CEREMONY!



**DOOM WAS MARKED IN THE YEAR  
AND TO THE PERFECT BEAUTY, WHO  
UNFOLDED**

DO BY THE POWERS OF  
THE WORLD STATE INVESTED  
IN ME, I PRONOUNCE YOU  
MAN AND WIFE!

HA!  
HURRAH!  
HURRAH!

**SEVERAL DAYS LATER, MAY  
BEGAN TO LEARN THAT BEAUTY  
WAS ONLY SOON DEEP**

WHAT KIND OF MEAL IS  
THIS? EVERYTHING IS  
BURNED AND TASTE-  
LESS! HAVEN'T YOU  
EVER LEARNED  
TO COOK?

NO,  
DEAR!

DO YOU CALL YOURSELF THE  
IDEAL WIFE FOR A GREAT SCIENTIST?  
THERE ISN'T A SINGLE THING I  
CAN SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT A WEEK  
HAS PASSED AND I HAVEN'T GOTTEN  
A SINGLE THOUGHT OUT OF THAT  
BIRD BRAIN OF YOURS!

YES,  
DEAR!



YES, DEAR! NO, DEAR! YES, DEAR!  
I'LL GO MAD! I'LL THROTTLE YOU IF  
I HEAR IT ONCE MORE! FOR HEAVEN'S  
SAKE, ISN'T THERE ANYTHING ELSE  
YOU CAN SAY?

NO,  
DEAR!

**IN MADNESS' FURY, MAY FLUNG HIS THING OF  
BEAUTY TO THE GROUND WITH VIOLENT FORCE...**

AARRGH! IT ISN'T A  
WOMAN! MARRIED, BUT  
A THING, A ROBOT! NO, NO  
THIS ISN'T WHAT I WANTED!  
NATURALLY DECEIVED ME!

YES, DEAR! NO, DEAR!  
YES, DEAR!  
NO, DEAR!  
YES, DEAR!



**AND AS THE WORDS OF DISCONTENT AND  
BITTERNESS LEFT HIS LIFE**

NATURALLY YOU TRICKED  
ME...! IT WAS A HOAX,  
A MISTAKE!

NO, YOU DECEIVED  
YOURSELF! YOU  
SHOULD HAVE KNOWN  
THAT PERFECTION DOES  
NOT EXIST IN NATURE!  
PERFECT BEAUTY IS MAN-  
MADE!



YOU NOW HAVE TWO  
CHOICES LEFT IN THE  
WORLD OF THE FUTURE?  
WHAT SHALL IT BE,  
IRONCLAW? FOR ARE  
YOU ALREADY RESIGNED  
TO DEFEAT?

DEFEAT, NO! I  
MADE A PROMISE  
CHOICE THE FUTURE  
WILL TRAFFIC IN  
POWER! YES, GIVE  
ME A POSITION OF  
GREAT POWER IN  
THE WORLD  
OF TOMORROW!

A CHOICE AS  
STUPID AS THE  
FIRST ONE? THE  
CARDS OF THE  
EVIL ONE ARE  
HANDLED, AND ONLY  
HE CAN WIN!



AGAIN THE CENTURIES SPEED BY IN A SWirling Mist AND AS THE HAZE slowly CLEARS

YOUR WISH IS GRANTED! COMMANDER BROWSLAW, YOU ARE IN GARRISON 8, ON GUAM, DEFENSE CENTER OF THE PACIFIC. THE YEAR IS 5731.



THOSE BOMBS ARE GETTING TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! EVEN TWO HUNDRED FEET UNDER NOON IS NO PROTECTION! WHAT'S THE LATEST FROM THE ENEMY?

ENEMY GARRISON A HAS FALLEN, COMMANDER! NO FURTHER COMMUNICATIONS, SIR!

ENEMY GARRISON B AND C ARE DEAD...! NO REPORT, COMMANDER!



A FEW HOURS LATER,

BOMBS HAVE DESTROYED ALL ENEMY INSTALLATIONS! WE'VE RECEIVED NO ANSWER TO PEACE DEMANDS FROM THEM AND OUR OWN FORCES ARE SILENT! WHAT DOES IT MEAN, SIR?

WHAT DOES IT MEAN? YOU IDIOTS... IT MEANS VICTORY, COMPLETE VICTORY, AND WE ALONE HAVE SURVIVED! LOOK THE CONTROL BOARD. IT'S TIME TO CELEBRATE!



ONE BY ONE, HIS STAFF TURNED UNTIL MAX UNDERSTOOD THE NATURE OF HIS HOLLOW VICTORY.

CELEBRATE, SIR? REMEMBER, WE CAN'T LEAVE! THE AIR IS DEADLY WITH RADIATION!

WE ARE THE ONLY ONES LEFT, SIR!

AAAAARRRR... FRESH AIR DOES NOT MEAN THEN I'M DOOMED TO LIVE OUT MY LIFE WITH MACHINES? I'M CAUGHT LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP! NO, NO! I'D RATHER DIE!



BUT DEATH WOULD NOT COME SO EASILY. THERE WAS STILL WATER TO CONSIDER...

WILL THE FUTURE ALWAYS BE MECHANISTIC AND DESTRUCTIVE? IS THERE NO DISTANT AGE WHERE I CAN FIND HAPPINESS?

YOU STILL HAVE ANOTHER CHOICE, BROWSLAW! PERHAPS THE LAST ONE WILL FULFILL ALL YOUR DREAMS!



THEN TRANSPORT ME TO AN AGE WHERE ALL WARS HAVE CEASED AND MAN HAS GROWN SIMPLY AGAIN AN ERA OF PEACE!

IT SHALL BE DONE, GAZE WITHOUT FEAR INTO THE CRYSTAL OF THE FUTURE!

FOR BROWSLAW THERE WILL BE NO PEACE IN ANY AGE, EVEN IN ETERNITY!



BEHOLD THE FUTURE, MAX BROWSLAW!

I—I SEE A WORLD OF UTTER PRIMITIVENESS... NO CITIES, NO MACHINES! ALL THERE HAVE DIED. WHY, IT'S LIKE THE ANCIENT WORLD OF THE PAST!



**THE FUTURE HAD COME FULL CIRCLE AND MERGED WITH THE PAST. WHAT WAS LEFT OF MAN WAS BEGINNING THE LONG CLIMB TO CIVILIZATION AGAIN.**

COME, THIS IS A FRESH TRACK! WE WILL SOON HAVE MEAT!

SEE, I TELL YOU, THERE IS A DEVIL IN HIM! WHY CAN HE ALWAYS FIND MEAT WHEN WE CAN'T!



**IT WAS MAN'S FULLY DEVELOPED BRAIN THAT MADE HIM MORE THAN A MATCH FOR FEROCIOUS BEASTS.**

WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF THAT? ALONE, HE HAS KILLED ENOUGH MEAT FOR OUR WHOLE TRIBE!

HE MUST BE THE SON OF THE FOREST DEMON! HE MUST BE CAREFUL, OR HE WILL KILL US LIKE THAT WILD BEAST!



**SUCH GOOD HUNT ON EACH UNPAID MAN ACCOMPLISHED AT THE FORTITUDE GROUP PLANNED WERE THROUGH THE SNOW STORM.**

IT IS THE WAY TO THE CAVE! I REMEMBER THOSE TREES AND MARKS! HURRY, BEFORE WE FREEZE!

ONLY A DEMON COULD LEAD US THROUGH THIS STORM. I TOLD YOU WHEN THIS STRANGER CAME HE WAS EVIL!



**ONCE IN THEIR CAVE, MAN'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR WAS WATCHED WITH GREAT HOSTILITY.**

WE DON'T HAVE TO BE COOL! A FIRE WILL SOON WARM THE CAVE!

FIRE? HE SPEAKS A DIFFERENT TONGUE! WATCH WHAT HE DOES! HE STRIKES ROCKS TOGETHER. YES THE WORK OF DEMONS!



THERE IS NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF! COME HERE! THE FIRE WILL WARM YOUR BONES!

NO! NO! NEVER! I TOLD YOU HE WAS A DEVIL! HE MAKES DANCING LIGHT COME OUT OF LEAVES AND WOOD! SAY KILL!



**SO LIKE MANY MEN IN ADVANCE OF THEIR PARTICULAR AGE, MAN BECAME A MARTYR...**

KILL! KILL! KILL THE STRANGER! THE DEMON OF THE WOOD! KILL!



YAAAAH! YAAAAH! THE DEMON DIED! YAAAAH!

NO! NO! HATE! HELP! HATE! HATE! HATE!





THE CALL WAS ANSWERED, AND BEFORE THE BEWILDERED EYES OF THE PRIMITIVE MEN...



THE STRANGER DISAPPEARS!  
LOOK, ANOTHER DEMON CHASES  
HIM OFF! NOW RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

AGAIN TIME WAS SPUNDED AND HALL RETURNED TO THE WORLD OF THE PRESENT.



I EMPLORE YOU,  
HATES, RESCUE THE  
BARGAIN! LET ME  
LIVE MY OWN LIFE!  
I WANT NO MORE  
OF THE FUTURE!

TOO LATE, BROWNIE! YOU  
KILLED THE AGREEMENT  
AND SIGNED IT IN BLOOD!  
I CANNOT CANCEL A LIFE.  
LOOK UPON ME AND LEARN  
YOUR FATE!



YIIH! THE CRYSTAL IS  
SHATTERED! WITH WHOM  
DID I MAKE THIS HORRIBLE  
BARGAIN!

YOU SHALL SOON KNOW!  
THE EVIL ONE HAS MANY  
NAMES AND MANY WAYS TO  
TRAP HIS VICTIMS.



NATES! NO, NO!  
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN  
IT WAS SATAN, THE  
OVERLORD OF EVIL!

COME, THERE  
IS NO ESCAPE!  
THE BARGAIN  
MUST BE KEPT!  
A GREAT TASK  
AWAITS YOU,  
FOR ETERNITY,  
HA HA HA!



SAVE ME!  
SAVE ME!  
I BURN!  
EE-EY-YAA!

BROWNIE  
PURCHASED HIS  
OWN HOME IN  
HELL! LET US  
SEE WHAT  
DESTINY  
AWAITS HIM!



MASTER TECHNICIAN FORTHOOD  
MET A SIMPLE JERAW SLAVED  
HIM, AND WILL NEVER FIT THE  
PIECES TOGETHER.

HE SELECTED HIS OWN  
WORLD WHICH MIGHT HAVE  
BROUGHT HIM HAPPINESS  
FOR ONE WHERE THERE IS  
NOTHING BUT ETERNAL  
AGONY AND PAIN!

# THE GRENOBLE CURSE

It was a long, wide marble staircase, befitting a great chateau, and though across its steps had trod many historic events, it had never until now been the direct cause of death. Now the Comte de Grenoble lay at its foot, his body bent and twisted, blood streaming from a great gash in his head. But when his young wife Denise, starting to chase the servants, rushed down to where she had pushed him, the last of life had not yet fled her body.

"You—you shouldn't have done it, Denise," he gasped. "I am old . . . my time would soon have come. You could have waited." His jaw sagged, and she thought he had breathed his last. But with effort he opened his eyes; his voice was a strangled whisper. "Now the curse is upon you," he said. "Now you will suffer the Grenoble Curse."

"Fool!" she spat at him. "Old two-horned fool! I'm glad I did it!"

But the Comte de Grenoble could not hear.

He was buried with ceremony in the family crypt, the young and beautiful Denise put on widow's black, and she retired to her chambers, refusing to come out, even for meals. "How hard she takes it," everybody whispered, but in her rooms the Comtesse paced back and forth restlessly. Seven days after the Comte had died, she could stand it no longer.

"Marcel," she said to the butler when he brought in his morning coffee, "distribute this slavery to all the servants and have everybody out by noon. I am closing the chateau today. My grief is too great here where my happiness was."

And at noon, when the door closed behind Marcel, the last to go, Denise took off her widow's weeds, donned herself in a slightly Jacques Fath traveling suit, and hung a colored handkerchief in her bedroom window.

The night was as dark as she'd hoped it would be, but she waited impatiently. At ten o'clock, a car, its headlights dimmed, drove up the gravelled drive, and Denise ran quickly downstairs and threw wide the door.

"I thought you'd never come," she said, lifting her mouth for a kiss.

"Fortunately, a dark night," the man said. "No one will see us go."

At his words, she turned her head quickly, offering only her cheek. "I hope I have not made a mistake in you," she said. She measured him coolly.

"Remy Frenoux," she said, as if itemizing a bill of accounts, "gentleman, handsome as the devil . . . but destined! And cautious as a lamb. Don't you know, you handsome idiot, there isn't a soul within half a mile?"

She led him upstairs to her chambers, pointed to the four suitcases packed and ready.

"Do you have . . . everything?" he said.

"Everything," she smiled. "Every suppliance, emerald, diamond. Every bracelet, ring, necklace. Every valuable paper, deed, stock. We shall go to Paris and every night drink a toast to the Grenoble wealth—and every night jinx at his curse."

"Curse?" said Remy, blanching.

"This is the twentieth century, idiot," Denise said. "The old goss had to have his dying joke. Now take the bags."

He bent, grasped with each hand a bag—and stopped suddenly. "What's that?" he whispered. "I thought the servants were all gone." He hit his lip. "Again! Someone laughing . . . across the hall."

"It's only our imaginations working overtime. Come, I will show you." But before she opened the door across the hall, she turned. "Remember," she whispered, "I did the deed. But your hand urged mine." And she opened the door to the Comte's chambers.

"See," she said. "Nobody here. Besides, voices in the night cannot harm us."

"Wait!" His hand fell on her arm. "I thought you took all the jewels."

"I combed every inch of this—" She stopped as her eye fell to where he pointed. A book, a heavy Morocco-bound tome, yellow with age, sat on the Comte's desk. On its cover gleamed a cluster of rubies and emeralds. "Then—" she breathed, "this wasn't here as long ago I swear it!"

His voice was harsh. "Then let's go."

"Not! Killed for this! I won't let hallucinations or a magician's trickery stop me now!" she strode to the desk, tried to dislodge the jewels from the book. "They won't budge," she said, and with a frantic pull tore off the cover.

"We can put it in the suitcase, Remy. It will be flat. Come—what . . . what is it?"

"Look," he said, and put his handkerchief to his forehead. "Read."

She stood by his side and they read together the words on the flyleaf page opposite the torn cover:

*Whence brings harm to the Grenoble helm  
Will worse than the storm finally fall,  
And after he lies in his grave a week,  
He'll return from the great vengeance to wreak.*

*For Grenoble bleed, when shed in the land,  
Will not wash off the killer hand.*

"Wonderful!" Denise murmured. "More jewels—more riches!"

"What are you talking about?" Remy's voice was hoarse. "We should get out . . . The curse!"

"Every old family has legends," she said, pressing his arm. "It's nothing. Seven hundred years ago, the first Comte de Grenoble befriended an unknown soccerer—had him from the enraged townspeople. And he repaid with stupid doggerel. Every old family has these tales. The old goat of a Comte told me about it on our wedding day. That's nothing—but this . . ." She pointed to the crude diagram below the curse. "Do you know what this is?" She flipped the page, scanned the lines hurriedly. "An inventory!" she breathed. "Enough jewels for a king's ransom. And the diagram—that's the vault! I have never been below—but the diagram is clear. Clear enough for a child."

But Remy stood tense. "I say we depart—now. We have enough now."

Denise's eyes were staring. "One never has enough of jewels, darling." She took his hand. "Do you know what this means, Remy? Can you conceive of such riches? All there in the vault—for us!"

"You will destroy us," Remy said. "Your greed will be our undoing!"

"Now you're being silly, Remy. And I don't like you to be silly. To plan death—and to be afraid of a soccerer's verse, seven hundred years old. That is being very silly, Remy." She tore out the page with the diagram. "Come, we shall go down to the vault."

Muttering under his breath, Remy followed her. "Take candles, dear," she said.

He found candles, and when they reached the cellar door he lighted them, for belowstairs there was no wiring for bulbs. He held the candles high as they walked down the stone steps, their heels clanking on the ancient masonry. The stone walls were damp, the outside belowground had the feral, musty smell of cold, sealed earth and stone-works that have not known sunlight or clear air for ages. Remy shuddered.

"I wish we were out of here," he said.

"Soon, darling, soon. And rich as moguls."

The light flickered. The sound of Remy's heels stopped.

"Once here, dear," she said. "That grilled door

there. Yes—that's it!" She turned when there was no sound. She saw Remy standing stiffly, his head bent, peering at his palms. Her voice suddenly touched a note of danger. "What is it?" She came back to him. "What is it, Remy?"

Relief crossed his features. "Nothing. Only for a moment I thought—"

"Thought what, Remy?"

"The—the curse. Blood on the hand."

She smiled. "Now you see. It's all nonsense, as I said."

Again they went forward. They stopped before the grilled door. There were no keys, but it opened to their touch. Their breathing became sharp.

"There," she said. "The fourth stone block. It comes out."

She held the candles while he tugged. The stone was clumsy, but loose, and when it came out the stone went above and on either side of it were deluged also. Within the wall was a deep vault, and within the vault a metal box. He pushed for it.

"Don't stop now," she said. "You can't—What is it, Remy?"

"The—the voice. I thought—"

"You're mad," she said. But her eyes were wide.

He pulled out the box and it opened and within lay a tyrant's domain. Denise uttered a moan and dropped her hands, and jewels cascaded through her fingers like multi-colored bubbles. "A comment!" she gasped. "A world—a world of jewels! Oh, Remy!"

Then suddenly, with a deep sigh, her body stiffened. There was no more of the sound now. A soft betrayed cackle of laughter. And something that sounded like a clinking of hard metal pieces. Coins or perhaps keys.

"Remy!" It burst out of her in a shriek.

They turned toward each other, clasped hand. There could be no doubt. The chuckling was gone in the dark gloom. And again there was the tinkling, the clinking of—Suddenly, as if on a common impulse, they rushed for the grilled door. But it would not open. It was as if a jockey held it on the other side. And as Denise and Remy pushed, sweating, the clinking of keys sounded again—and then the harsh, grating sound as if a lock being turned. Remy banged furiously at the grill and after a while he began to yell. But Denise said tensely, "Not a soul within half a mile!"

And they looked at each other, and at the door through which they could not pass, and, in the waning light of the candles, their eyes turned simultaneously to their hands, on which a bright red stain was slowly beginning to spread . . .

# THRUST of a GHOST LANCE

IRISHMAN FIERD, WHY HAVE YOU DESTROYED MY GREAT ARMS COLLECTION? WHO ARE YOU WHO DARES TEST THE POWERS OF THE HOUSE OF TURNING?

I AM DUNE'VALVO, UNCLE TO THIS BOTTEN LINE, WHICH IN DEATH I VOWED TO DESTROY! THE GRAVE CANNOT HOLD ME UNTIL THE LAST TURNING'S BLOOD IS SPILLED!

IT WAS RIGHT AFTER THE FIRST WORLD WAR WHEN THE FIRST DUNE EVENTS OCCURRED WHICH ROCKED THE HOUSE OF TURNING. . .

DOWN WITH THE TURNINGS, THE BLOOD-SUCKERS! THE NOTTEN PROHITERS! PAY FOR OUR INJURIES, YOU SABOTEURS! THRAITORS!

For seven hundred years the armors of the House of Turning had prospered while Europe bled. Down the centuries each Turning man, like his predecessor, was, like his predecessor, hellbent, defensive, unscrupulous, selling defective weapons even to his own countrymen. Cursed by millions, the Turnings lived on, borned with wealth, no crack appearing in the mighty fortress they had built. . . until Count Linn, the collector, realized their fate. . . entered to unlock a century's-old curse which rained from an untimely grave. . . the night in rotten armor.

THE EXPANDED 22-BOULDER, MIMED BY PROCTY TURNING WEAPONS, HAD COME BEING INEVITABLE, BUT INSTEAD, RECEIVED.

THERE'S THAT DEVIL HIMSELF, COUNT LINN! HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR INJURIES! TEAR HIM APART!

BACK, YOU SWINE! DRIVE THEM OUT OF THE YILLA, BURRO! SHOOT TO KILL IF NECESSARY!

When the war had been driven off.



FATHER, IS IT  
TRUE? WERE  
THESE WEAPONS  
HE MADE  
REALLY  
FAULTY?

IT COULD  
NOT BE  
HELPFUL! THE  
MATERIALS WERE  
BAD? BUT IF WAS

WAR A FEW MORE OR LESS KILLED  
DON'T MATTER! WHAT DOES MATTER IS THE  
GREAT HOUSE OF TURNING! AND YOU, MY SON,  
SHALL SOME DAY BE ITS MASTER!

NO MORTAL  
KNOWS THE  
FUTURE! MAN  
MAYBE! BUT  
HEAVENS! NOT  
HIS FATE!

BUT FATHER, DON'T  
YOU HAVE PITY FOR THOSE  
PEOPLE? HOW CAN THEY  
WORK AND SUPPORT A  
FAMILY?



THAT IS NOT OUR CONCERN!  
FORGET IT! LOOK INSTEAD  
UPON MY GREAT ARM  
COLLECTION, THE FINEST  
IN THE WORLD!

WHAT—NO HEART,  
COUNT? SOON IT  
WILL BE TOO LATE  
FOR REGRETS!

BUT HELLO COULD NOT FORGET AND IN SHORT OUTBURST.

I AM NOT INTERESTED IN  
THIS STUPID COLLECTION!  
I AM ASHAMED THAT MY  
NAME IS TYPING!  
I WILL NOT SUCCEED YOU!

HELLO, MY SON, WHAT ARE  
YOU SAYING? DO YOU WANT  
TO KILL ME? OR, MY  
HEART? I FEEL A  
STROKE COMING ON!



THE FIRST HEART ATTACK HAS THE DESIRED  
EFFECT...

3—I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU!  
NO, FORGET WHAT I SAID! I WILL NOT DESERT  
YOU EVER!

MY SON... I HAVEN'T LONG TO  
LIVE! YOU MUST BECOME MASTER OF TURNING!  
HOW TAKE ME TO THE CASTLE? IT WILL  
EASE THE PAIN TO SEE HOW THE CONSTRUCTION  
WORK IS GOING ON!



WHY IS IT SO IMPORTANT THAT  
THE CASTLE BE BUILT? NO ONE  
WILL EVER LIVE IN  
THAT ROCK PILE!

IT IS A SYMBOL  
OF OUR DREAMS! IN IT  
THE FIRST ARMOR MADE  
BY A TURNING WAS FORGED!  
BUT LOOK HOW SLOWLY THE  
WORK HAS PROGRESSED...  
I SHALL HAVE TO SPEAK  
TO THE FOREMAN!



IN THREE WEEKS  
YOU HAVE MADE  
NO PROGRESS! IT'S  
AN OUTRAGE! YOU  
ARE ROBBING ME!

THERE IS SOME-  
THING STRANGE  
HERE! WALLS  
COLLAPSE AND  
FLOORS SINK  
WAY AS IF  
SOMETHING  
ROTTER WERE BENEATH  
THE VERY FOUNDATION!



BACK!  
THE WALLS  
ARE  
FALLING!

AAAH!!  
THERE ARE THREE  
WORKMEN INSIDE!  
THEY'LL BE CRUSHED  
TO DEATH! THE DEVIL  
HIMSELF MUST BE IN  
THAT CASTLE!



*As the dust settles, Count Luigi stood transfixed, for he almost saw the vision...*

STOP TRYING TO REBUILD THE CASTLE! IT WILL NEVER STAND! IT WILL NEVER STAND! IT ROTTS AT THE FOUNDATION, JUST LIKE THE HOUSE OF TURNO FOR THE CRIMES IT HAS COMMITTED!

AAAHH! WHAT DOES IT MEAN—THAT HORRIBLE SPECTRE'S WARNING? HELLO, HELLO, COME BACK! MY HEART!

IT IS YOUR OWN ACTS COMING BACK TO PLAGUE YOU!



*While the Count lay in a coma,*

I KNOW THAT ARTURO WAS WORKING DOWN HERE? WE MUST CLEAR THE WHOLE DUNGEON, CARLO!

LOOK WHAT WE dug UP! THE COUNT WILL PAY A NICE BONUS FOR THAT SUIT OF ARMOR!



*As the rubble was cleared away,*

AAAAH, MY BONES ARE WEARY FROM LYING HERE ALL THOSE CENTURIES! WHERE IS THE COUNT? BRING HIM HERE AT ONCE!

FEEL BY MY SOUL, THE IRON MAN MOVES! HE SPEAKS! CARLO! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!



*By this time, the Count has recovered sufficiently to sneer at the wild story...*

I SWEAR BY MY NAME THE IRON MAN MOVES AND SPEAKS!

HAH, YOU ARE LIKE OLD WOMEN! SEE, THERE HE LIES! WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL! A FIND FOR MY MUSEUM!



AND HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE FRESH BLOOD ON HIS CHEST, YOUR EXCELLENCY?

WHY? IT IS SIMPLE! ONE OF YOU MUST HAVE CUT HIMSELF! THERE IS NO OTHER REASON. THIS SUIT OF ARMOR IS SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS OLD! LOAD IT INTO MY CAR AND TAKE IT TO THE MUSEUM!



*In the museum workshop several hours later, when the armor was unpacked...*

I SHOULD SAY, YOUR EXCELLENCY, THAT THIS IS THE VERY EARLIEST ARMOR MADE BY YOUR ANCESTORS. A RARE FIND! WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE BONY ONE?

BURY HIM IN OUR OWN CEMETERY! HE MAY BE ONE OF MY OWN ANCESTORS! AND I WANT THAT SUIT OF ARMOR CLEANED, POLISHED AND PLACED IN THE MUSEUM TOMORROW!



**THE FOLLOWING DAY WHEN THE COUNT MADE HIS INSPECTION TOUR...**

AAA, THERE IT IS! THEY WORKED ALL NIGHT TO PUT IT IN SHAPE... MY EYES ARE WEAR—I MUST GET CLOSED!



BRIND, EZZO... MAY YOUR SOULS RISE! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE HERE? WHAT KIND OF JOKE IS THIS?

WHAT IS WRONG, COUNT LUIS?



THE DEVIL MUST BE IN THAT ARMOR! WE SWEAR WE SPENT TEN HOURS SCRAPING AND POLISHING! IT SHONE LIKE A MIRROR!

OUT, OUT! LIARS! SCOUNDRELS! YOU ARE FINISHED HERE! IF YOU SHOW YOUR FACES AT VILLA TORING, I'LL HAVE YOUR BONES BROKEN!



**Suddenly, at the Count halted his forward outside the museum...**

NOW WHAT? IT SOUNDS LIKE A BATTLE IS TAKING PLACE IN THE MUSEUM? IN THOSE WRETCHES HAVE COMMITTED MORE SABOTAGE, I'LL—



**And running inside...**

BY ALL THE SAINTS... MY MUSEUM IS BEING DESTROYED, BY THAT— THAT CURSED SUIT OF ARMOR! HALT, ENOUGH! FIEUD ON DEVIL... WHO ARE YOU?



I AM DUKE MALVO, THE UNCLE OF THE FIRST TURNING ARMORED — THE FIRST OF THE WHOLE MURDEROUS LINE, OF WHICH YOU SHALL BE THE LAST! DO YOU KNOW NOW IN THE DIM PAST YOUR BLOODY ANCESTOR SEIZED MY INHERITANCE? LOSE IT!



It was the eve of ST. CECILIA'S DAY, TWELVE HUNDRED AND FORTY SIX: MY NEPHEW LORENZO WAS FINISHING MY SUIT OF ARMOR FOR THE TOURNAMENT.



I HAD FIGHT IN THE LOTTS MY OPPONENT WAS A DEADLY ENEMY FROM LOMBARDY...

I HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR! MY ARMOR WILL TURN AWAY EVERY THROUST OF HIS SPEAR!





**B**UT I WAS WRONG, TERRIBLY WRONG, FOR AS WE  
CROSSED LANES...

DIE, YOU  
VILLAIN!

WAAAAH! I'M UNDOING!  
THE ARMOR DID NOT  
HOLD! THE SPEAR WENT  
THROUGH LIKE PAPER...  
WAAAAH!



**A**ND AS I LAY DYING IN MY TENT...

YES, UNCLE,  
I TRICKED YOU!  
I MADE YOU A SUIT OF  
HALT-ROTTED ARMOR!  
I WANTED YOU TO DIE!  
NOW THE CASTLE, THE  
CATTLE, ALL YOUR  
LANDS WILL BELONG  
TO ME! HA HA HA!

HEAVEN CURSE  
YOU AND ALL  
YOUR KIND,  
LORENZO! YOU  
SHALL NOT ESCAPE  
ME, EVEN IF I MUST  
RETURN FROM THE  
GRAVE TO REVENGE  
MYSELF!



AND SO I HAVE RETURNED, FOR  
NONE OF THE TURNINGS DOWN  
THROUGH THE CENTURIES HAVE  
MENDED THEIR WAYS, ALL ARE  
ADDICTED TO THE COIN!

IT WAS IN  
YOUR POWER  
TO SAVE  
YOURSELF!  
YOUR ACTS HAVE  
CONDEMNED  
YOU!

HELP! HELP!  
SAVE ME!



**G**ATHERING ALL HIS HIRELINGS, THE COUNT RETURNED  
TO THE MUSEUM...

BUT, YOUR EXCELLENCY, THE  
STORY YOU TELL IS  
IMPOSSIBLE!

DON'T, YOU WILL  
SOON SEE FOR YOUR-  
SELF! EVERY MAN ON  
GUARD!



**B**UT NO FORCE WAS NECESSARY...

IT'S INCREDIBLE! HE BURIED THE  
REMAINS OF THE STRANGE KNIGHT  
AND HE RETURNED TO HIS SUIT OF  
ARMOR! BUT HOW CAN A DEAD  
MAN...? MY MIND  
CANNOT FATHOM  
IT!

I SAW THE  
FIELD WITH MY  
OWN EYES! I WANT HIM  
BURIED, ARMOR AND  
ALL, IN A TEN-FOOT  
SLAB OF CONCRETE...  
AT ONCE!



**W**HEN THE COUNT'S ORDERS WERE  
FULFILLED...

ONLY SATAN  
COULD BRING  
HIM BACK  
NOW!

NOW I FEEL  
SAFE! I CAN START  
PREPARING FOR THE  
GREAT SEVEN HUN-  
DRETH ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE FOUNDING OF  
OUR HOUSE. I HAVE A  
WONDERFUL TREAT  
PLANNED FOR OUR  
GUESTS!



**O**N THE DAY OF THE GREAT  
CELEBRATION...

SO THIS IS WHY  
YOU SENT ME TO  
HOME FOR TWO  
WEEKS! YOU'VE  
TURNED THE  
CLOCK BACK  
SEVEN HUNDRED  
YEARS! WHAT A  
SPECTACLE!

YES, AND I'M  
STAGING A  
TOURNAMENT ON  
THIS VERY FIELD,  
JUST LIKE THEY  
DID IN MY  
ANCESTORS'  
TIMES! YOU,  
NEED, WILL  
WEAR THE COLORED  
OF THE HOUSE  
OF TURNING!





I'LL HAVE NO PART OF THIS SILLY GAME! WHY SHOULD I HONOR A LOT OF OUTTHROAT ANCESTORS? NO, I'LL NOT DO IT!

HELLO, WHEN YOU SPEAK LIKE THAT IT HURTS ME... I FEEL PAIN! OOOH, MY HEART!



FRUSTRATED BY HIS FATHER'S SHAM ATTACK, HELLO REPLIED...

YES, YES, I KNOW THERE'S NO DANGER! THE SPEARS ARE FIXED! BUT THE WHOLE THING IS STUPID! I DO IT ONLY TO MAKE YOU HAPPY!

HURRY, HELLO! THE TRUMPET WILL SOON BE SOUNDED!



THE ASSEMBLY CALL BLAZED OUT TO ANNOUNCE THE BEGINNING OF THE TOURNAMENT...



AND DEEP WITHIN THE HEARTY TURNING COMETWIND, A DEAD KNIGHT LISTENED AND RESPONDED...

THE ASSEMBLY CALL! I MUST ANSWER IT AND FULFILL MY DESTINY!



THE TOURNAMENT WENT ON. HELLO SCORED A VICTORY AND WAS JUST LEAVING THE FIELD, WHEN...

BRAVE, HELLO! YOU ARE A REAL KNIGHT, WORTHY OF THE TURNING NAME!

COUNT LARD, LOOK! THE FAR END OF THE FIELD! A STRANGE KNIGHT IS CHALLENGING THE WAY! HE'S NOT IN THE LISTS!



LIFE A SAVAGE EXPRESS, THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR BORE DOWN ON HELLO

HE LANCE IS NOT FIXED! HE'S OUT FOR BLOOD! STOP! STOP! I DON'T WISH TO FIGHT!

TURN AND FIGHT, YOU COWARD... ON DE!

THIS IS NO SHAM BATTLE. AT STAKE IS REVENGE AND THE HOUSE OF TURNING!



DAMNEDLY, THE LANCE FORCED HELLO'S SWORD...

THUS DID TURNING TREADSERT END MY LIFE, SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

THE TURNING LINE IS CUT! ONLY THE OLD MAN REMAINS!

THE OLD COUNT MARCHED TO THE LAST DUE.



HELLO! HELLO! MY SON! SPEAK TO ME!

HE'S DEAD, YOUR EXCELLENCY! THE SPEAR PIERCED HIS HEART!

AT THE FAR END OF THE FIELD, THE STRANGE KNIGHT QUIETLY SUBMITTED TO CAPTURE.



PULL THE MURDERER DOWN! TAKE HIS HELMET OFF!

LET ME THROUGH! THIS OLD HAND WILL REVENGE MY SON! I'LL HACK THE DOG TO BITS!

MAKE WAY FOR THE COUNT!



THE HELMET'S BUSTED WITH AGE. HANDS TO REMOVE!

B-BUT THE KNIGHT WHO KILLED MY SON... HIS ARMOR BLEASTED?? QUICKLY, OFF WITH HIS HELMET! I MUST KNOW!



BY ALL THE SAINTS! A CORPSE IN ARMOR! LOOK, THE COUNT FALLS!

DURE MALVO! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! FIRST, MY SON... AND NOW... AAAAAH!—MY HEART!



AND THIS TIME IT WAS NO SLAIN ATTACK.

BEFORE HE FELL, HE MENTIONED DURE MALVO, ONE OF HIS ANCESTORS?

BUT THE DURE DIED SEVEN CENTURIES AGO! HOW STRANGE! WE'LL NEVER KNOW.

YES, IT HAS TAKEN CENTURIES FOR THIS DESTINY TO BE FILLED, BUT SUCH IS FATE. WHICH IN THE END CANNOT BE CHEATED!

THE END

STATEMENT REGISTERED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 21, 1911, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1907, AND JULY 1, 1908 (29th St. Edgar, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 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